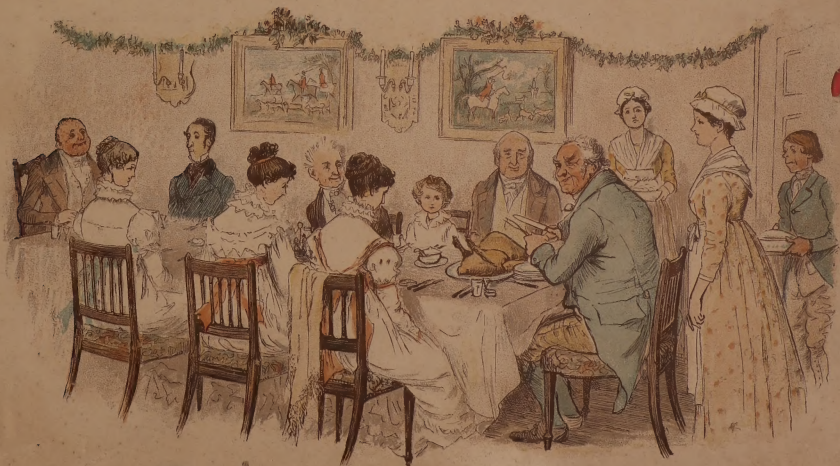


# LAST "GRAPHIC" PICTURES BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

LONDON: BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL;  
GLASGOW, AND NEW YORK



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RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S  
LAST "GRAPHIC" PICTURES





SCENES WITH THE OLD MICKLEDALE HUNT. No. 1.—APPROACHING A BROOK

"Now, my brave Youths,  
Now give a Loose to the clean, gen'rous Steed;  
Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur;  
But in the Madness of Delight, forget  
Your fears."

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SCENES WITH THE OLD MICKLEDALE HUNT. No. II.—A GOOD LEAD AT TIMBER

— Death and Danger he defies,  
When his Coat he tightly buttoned up, and shut his Eyes."





SCENES WITH THE OLD MICKLEDALE HUNT, No. III.—THE OLD SQUIRE AND HIS FOLLOWING

"Who void of Ambition, still follow the chase,  
Nor think that all Sport's dependent on pace."







SCENES WITH THE OLD MICKLEDALE HUNT, No. IV.—CHEERING ON THE HOUNDS

"Happy the man, who, with unrival'd Speed,  
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure View  
The struggling Pack."





It was a very  
- beautiful evening -





but they disagreed

& fell out.

"Don't care a toss-up!"







"She's coming back  
I believe."



"That's not her step, though!"

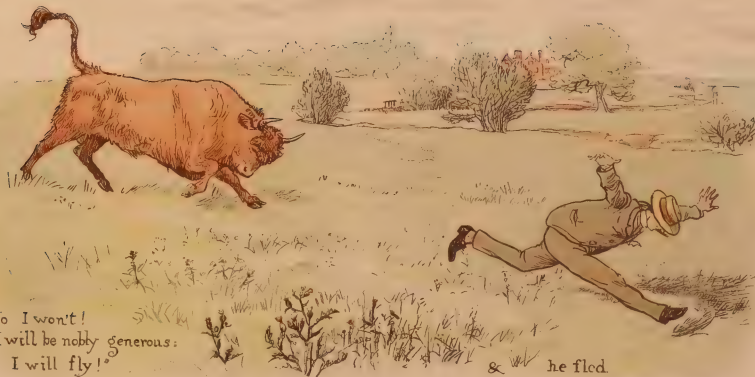


A  
moment of anxious  
suspense.



Reflection while taking a turn or two round the Tree -  
"Shall I punish her by becoming a victim to this savage beast?"





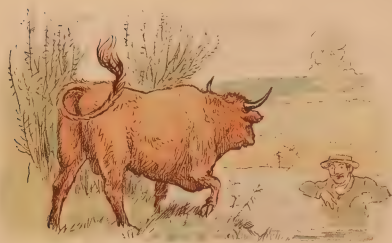
"No I won't!  
I will be nobly generous:  
I will fly!"

& he fled.

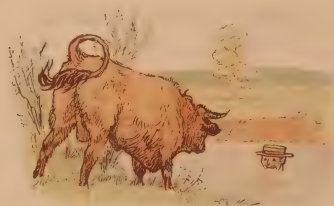




"Now I've got you" - thinks the beast.



"Ah! Ah! Mr Bull!"



"Oh! Oh! Mr Bull!" & he sinks.







The hat slides down the stream.

"I'll have him yet!"  
thinks the Bull.





"No, doggie, I'll never see him any more as long as I live !



why, there's his hat ! Oh, dear ! Oh, Oh, Oh !"





*The Wond'ring Fair one turn'd to chide  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.*





# The Legend of the Laughing Oak

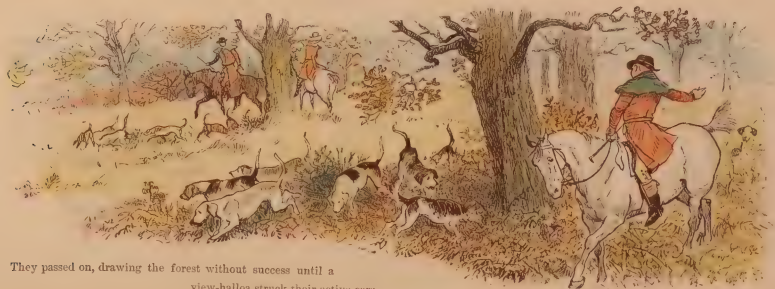


ONE MORNING JACK SANDFORD OF WICKSTED and two friends made ready to hunt the stag; and on that same fine autumn day three young ladies persuaded their father to take them for a drive to Horuton Forest.





While they were looking at a curious old oak  
 Jack and his comrades went riding by, surprised to see what they  
 called in sporting speech "the unwarrantable old buck and three young does."



They passed on, drawing the forest without success until a  
 view-halloo struck their active ears.





When off they went towards it with joyous sounds.



And found the "old buck"  
bound to the oak, and the three "young  
does" tied together in a group



The cords were unloosed





And on the coming-to of the old gentleman a tale was told of assault, robbery, and ill-usage by foot-pads



Who bore this aspect, according to the description given.



Charmed by the

fineness of the day, and held by the novelty of the situation. Jack and his friends lingered on the scene.

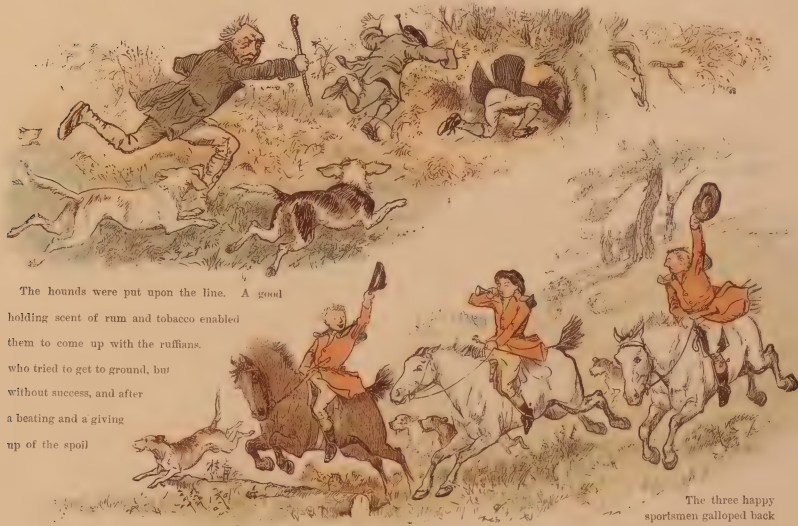








Until it occurred to the anxious "old buck" that hearts may be stolen as well as purses, and he suggested hunting the footpads. Then the huntsmen, desirous of glory, set off; and so did the old gentleman with his daughters, but in another direction.



The hounds were put upon the line. A good holding scent of rum and tobacco enabled them to come up with the ruffians, who tried to get to ground, but without success, and after a beating and a giving up of the spoil

The three happy sportsmen galloped back to kiss hands and be thanked.





But they found none to receive the snuff-box, the watch, the three posy rings, and the £2 9s. 7½d., which they had recovered, and for the first time they observed on the well-known oak the strange expression which was long the wonder of the country-side



# THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A DOG-CART.



D. calls for F. to start on their proposed little Driving Tour.

F.'s mother provides Tinned Condiments, Disinfectants, &c.

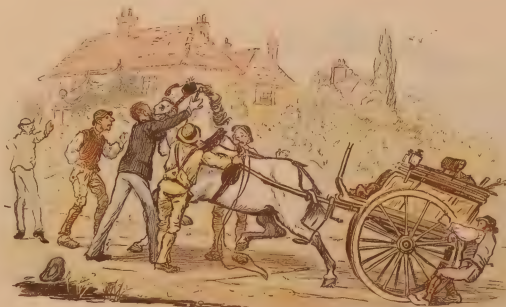
F. has a Lawn-Tennis Bat and a new Revolver; but there is no room in the cart for his Hat-box and Bath.



Away they go in high spirits—fine morning—  
no pressing cares.

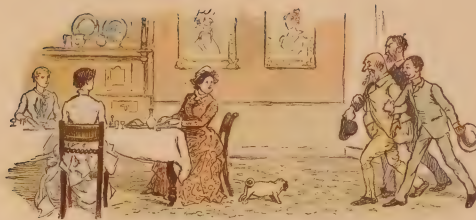


After driving a goodly stage they are meditating upon a bait, when suddenly the horse begins to plunge, dance, and back.

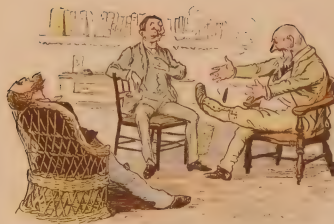


The help of some elderly road-menders and farm-labourers is called in. D. thinks it is a wasp-sting in the ear. F., with great presence of mind, says, "Hold on to him, while I run to this house for some blue."

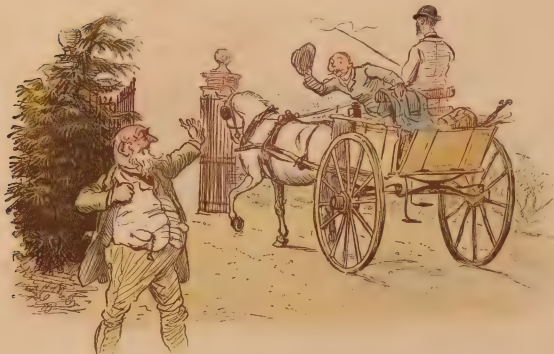




While they are applying the "blue" (a material used by laundrymaids) a robust old gentleman comes out of the gateway, offers his stable for the horse to calm down in, and insists on D. and F. going into the house to luncheon, which is just ready



During a smoke afterwards, their host discovers that F. is the son of an old friend. They have much talk.



At last D. gets F. away; but it is late in the day.



And they soon found themselves travelling by moonlight. The lateness of the hour and the beauty of the night distil a spirit of trustfulness within the bosom of D., and he allows F. to drive while he takes a doze.







F. dozes too, and loses the whip and the way.



And, on taking his usual look-round, the old gentleman finds the dog-cart again at his gate, the horse grazing, and D. and F. sleeping peacefully.

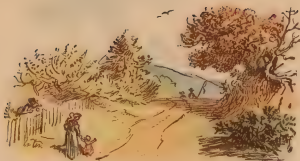


They are hospitably taken into the house. F. keeps everybody up by discoursing on "Psychical Research," and displaying the elegance of his hands.

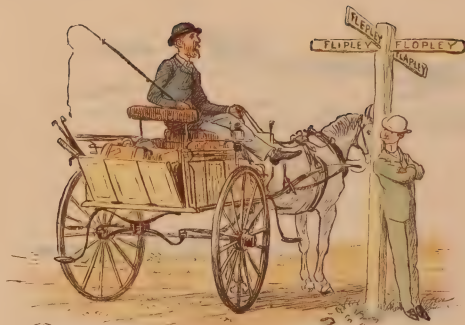
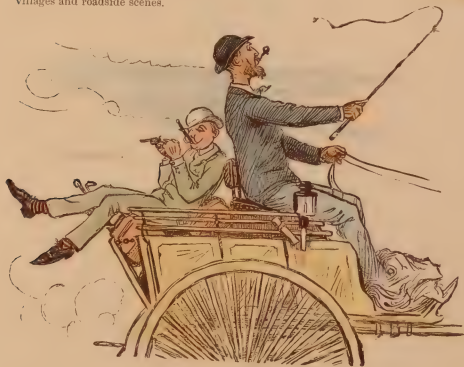


When going to bed F. apologises to D. for missing the road.





Next morning the old gentleman lends them a whip, and gives them full directions about the way. They take the road with joyous hearts, and pass through a varied district (rich pasture alternating with wild common), and are of opinion that we don't half know our own beautiful country, its villages and roadside scenes.

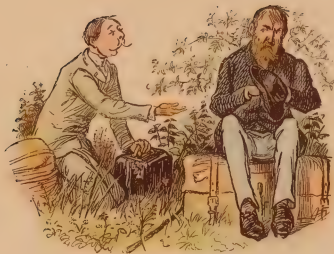


On reaching a finger-post they differ as to the interpretation of the old gentleman's directions.



And a coolness is begotten. They have not brought the back seat; but F. manages without it, and amuses himself by playing with his revolver, which presently goes off unexpectedly. The horse is startled and runs the cart into a ditch. The travellers are thrown out, and the luggage is squandered.

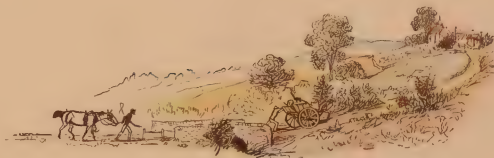




F. apologises again, and takes an active part in the procession to the next village.



F. says to himself, "I wonder if that beast is hurt. He does not move." D. says to himself, "That poor fool doesn't speak: 'fraid he's damaged."



A shaft is broken, and the yokel who has stopped the horse continues his aid until he arrives in the presence of beer.





They find the stable of the little inn tenanted by a pack of foxhounds waiting to be shipped to India.



But they get a place for the horse, and agree to put up for the night while the shaft is spliced (or splinted), and their nerves recover calmness. During the evening the landlord (formerly a huntsman) entertains them with his views on fox-hunting.



Which excite F. so much that he privately arranges with the landlord (who has to keep the pack in exercise) to do a little "cubbing" at daybreak next morning. He takes D.'s horse—"It'll do him all the good in the world," the ex-huntsman says.



Having lamed the horse, on his return F. feels a qualm as he prepares to pass the window at which D. is finishing his breakfast and indulging in bursts of cheerful song unaware of the sport which has been going on.







F. apologises once more, but, to his surprise the apology is not accepted, and friendly relations between the travellers are strained.

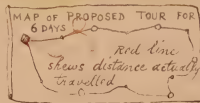


It is nine miles to the nearest station, and no carriage or vehicle is to be hired in the village.



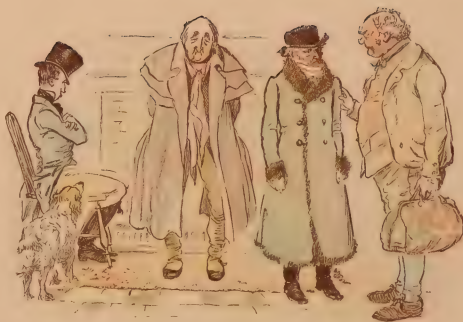
D. points for home, with one shaft broken, both lamps smashed, the horse lame, the whip lost,

and a bad cold in his head. He solaces himself by occasionally muttering, "It will be some time before I ask a confounded fool to take a driving-tour again."





# THE CURMUDGEON'S CHRISTMAS



ONE young and two elderly curmudgeons, strangers to each other, all travelling on Christmas Eve to evade the seasonable festivities of their respective relatives, are obliged to put up at a farmhouse inn: one of them because his horse is lame, the others because of an accident to a coach. The landlord assures them that he will make them quite comfortable. The travellers are grumpy towards each other, especially when they find that they must all dine together at the same table. Each takes his pint of wine, and wonders at the little lady of some six or seven years who dines too.





The child has pretty and engaging ways.

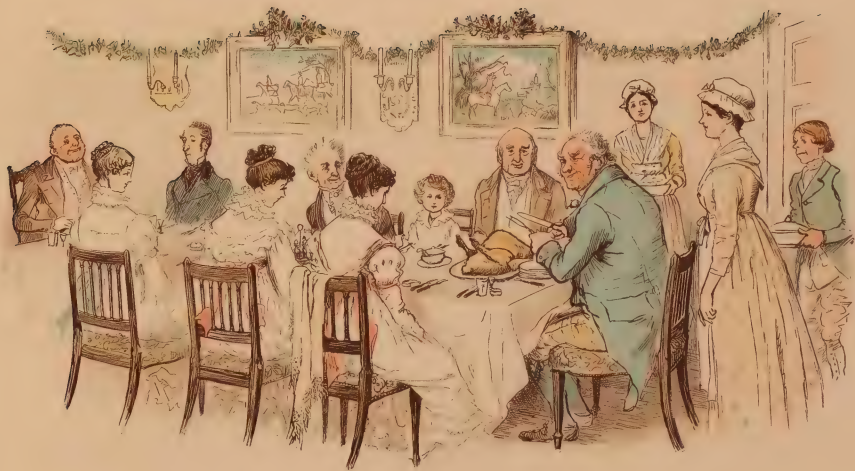




After dinner she inveigles the three gentlemen into playing at "Puss in the Corner," calling in the landlord's daughter to make up the required number. About noon on Christmas Day a Mr. Rosey and his three daughters, on their way to a country house further on, arrive at the inn. Their own horses are done up by reason of the snow, and they can get no relays.







So they agree to stay and dine at the host's table. An excellent dinner is served, and the grim faces of the old curmudgeons somewhat relax at sight of the turkey and the chine; while the arrival of the plum-pudding and a glance from the eldest Miss Rosey cause the youngest curmudgeon—whose name is





Wildboy—almost to thaw, but not quite. At dessert-time arrive three young gentlemen, who have a previous acquaintance with the Roseys, and who have been sent by the neighbouring squire to seek them. The landlord is begged by Mr. Rosey to "fill the flowing bowl Until it does run over," and it is emptied in honour of various toasts, but somehow



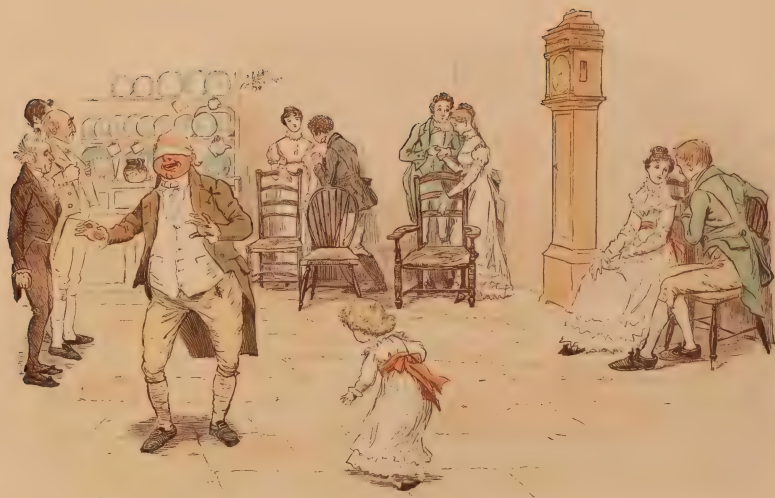
not to the enjoyment of Mr. Wildboy. Word is then given to clear the kitchen. "Turn the Trencher" is played by request of the little girl, Mr. W. having to pay forfeit under the mistletoe bush.





Next they have a "country dance," some of the gentlemen appearing in shoes borrowed from the jovial host. One of them is unluckily forced to keep behind the settle, having strained his pantaloons during his efforts at "Turn the Trencher."





Afterwards they play at "Blindman's Buff," to the great delight of the younger part of the company.







The evening closes with another scene under the mistletoe ; and next day the three young gentlemen insist on mounting the farm horses and carrying off the young ladies through the snow to their intended destination.





On the road they have a little difficulty at a ford which is frozen over. The little child, who when a baby was left at the inn in a very romantic way, is discovered by each of the elderly curmudgeons to be his own long-lost grandchild, and they have disputes as to her possession.



At last one of them quietly runs away with her on horseback. The other curmudgeons, feeling somewhat neglected, cheer themselves with buttermilk and port wine before parting, and, in spite of a small regret or two, are happier in themselves, and are more genial towards their friends, during all the following year.









